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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1985

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When she went into her room, there was no sign of Larry. After checking the bathroom, she didn't find him there either.

Isn't he back yet?

"Larry had a fever yesterday. The moment he reached home, he lay on the bed without even having dinner. This morning, when he realized that you hadn't come home, he headed out quickly in search of you. Hence, you'd better give him a call," Delilah plainly explained.

Joan took out her phone and called him.

"Hello, let's meet up for a talk and get it done." Joan sounded disappointed.

At that moment, Larry's eyes darkened. He didn't expect Joan to be calling him first thing in the morning over that issue.

"Joan, it's not what you think. Give me some time and let me get to the bottom of this," Larry pleaded.

Joan scoffed. What else is there to investigate?

"Larry, I don't want to see either of you anymore. Let's just get it done and over with." Joan ended the call at once.

As Delilah watched on, she couldn't help but sigh.

Love is a torturous feeling. No matter what one does, it will never be perfect, especially when it involves a third party.

"Joan, have you really thought it through?" Delilah asked softly as she looked at Joan in a probing manner.

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She didn't want to interfere in their affairs, but neither did she want Joan to make a decision she would come to regret.

"Mmm-hmm. What I want is simple. I'll work at the supermarket in the day and spend the evenings with you and Lucius. That's all."

Such a life was more than enough to satisfy her. Delilah turned around and walked into the kitchen.

All that matters is that she is happy.

But is she really? She has only chosen to live a simpler life.

Ring! Ring!

"Joan, come to the hospital quickly. Ms. Brooks is awake!"

Joan widened her eyes in delight when she heard the news.

"Ms. Young, I'm heading out!" Joan quickly grabbed her bag and ran out of the house.

Inside the hospital ward, a few other colleagues surrounded the bed, looking relieved.

"Ms. Brooks, please take plenty of rest. Don't worry, we're all here with you."

"That's right, Ms. Brooks. Get well soon."

As the ladies comforted Freya, she was moved to tears.

"Joan is here!" one of them exclaimed all of a sudden.

Freya was visibly excited at the sight of her.

"Cough..." Freya wanted to say something but choked.

"Calm down. It's alright. We have time." Joan gently patted Freya on her shoulders.

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She wanted to tell Joan that someone ruthless wanted to harm her, but the words just couldn't come out.

Nevertheless, she had made a significant recovery. When Freya was first sent to the hospital, the doctor advised that she might not regain her consciousness for life. Nevertheless, her mom stayed by her side every day, telling her stories and talking about their lives. She did everything she could to help her daughter wake up.

"Doctor, there's something I need to discuss with you," Joan whispered to the doctor.

"Let talk outside." The doctor ushered her aside.

"My friend became paralyzed because someone sabotaged her. It was definitely not an accident. Hence, I hope that you can protect her..." Joan gave the doctor a stern look.

"You have to tell that to the police as we are only responsible for treating her. Other than that, there's little we can do about it," the doctor replied apologetically.

"What I meant was I hope you can keep the fact that she is awake under wraps. I will liaise with the police," Joan explained.

If news got out that Freya was awake, there might be a second assassination attempt. After all, Gabriella was as vicious as a demon.

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